NEW SATANIC VERSES

PART 2

AN EXCURSION

ALONG THE BLOODY ROAD OF MANKIND

By Bienvenido Bones Banez Jr.

Introduction

By Terrance Lindall

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The Pseudo Science of Race

Introduction by Terrance Lindall

Bienvenido Bones Banez Jr. lays it out flat and hard. Here he skewers the pretenses of the liberal/progressive left wing of American society calling their theories of race relations, diversity, and racism “pseudo-science” and propaganda. He says that the black and browns are a “cargo cult” wishing to take what they believe they should have that whites have illegitimately taken. Bien says that they have an agenda much like George Orwell’s 1984 in which thought police monitor white people for the heresy of “white privilege.” They do indeed try to introduce courses in “the problem of whiteness” where they can, often trying to make them required for white children.

While skewering the left wing, he also takes poke at the white man’s “saving” the black man, the red man, the Asian, and the Muslims with slavery, disease and bombs. He also suggests that these very peoples might love the white man anyway deep down and cannot do without him. This whole scenario is laid out with pounding logic and credibility. A must read for our times!

In fact we are facing a peculiar time when our black and brown brothers want to “educate” whites about their ingrained and inherent racism, to restructure the “racist’ institutions, the “…unwitting prejudice, ignorance, thoughtlessness and racist stereotyping which disadvantage minority ethnic people [Wikipedia]." Unfortunately, a lot of the stereotyping is based upon the fact that minority neighborhoods are pockets of crime that whites justifiably wish to avoid. And, of course that disadvantages minorities. It makes sense that instead of minorities educating whites, they should teach their children not to be threats to society.

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THE CREATIVE PARADOX THAT IS BIEN
By Lutgarda M. Resurreccion

Bien is called a "prophetic visionary" by his peers in the artistic and intellectual circles of the Williamsburg Art & Historical Center (WAH) in Brooklyn. With his tall, imposing but kind and gentle bearing, Bien is a multi-talented, quintessential creative genius. He sums himself as the "Idiot Savant Artist," a genuine creative paradox, a living legend and source of Surrealist art, nurtured by tropical island winds, and sharpened by the inner turmoil of his country battling its own demons.

Bien started drawing in first grade as he couldn't express himself verbally. When people asked, he drew pictures and sold each piece for 25 centavos. Every summer vacation, he was put away in the family farm in Panabo, Davao as he was "*samok-samok*" or quarrelsome, changing his mind all the time. "That's what triggered my art; nobody taught me technique." A fire he saw in Piyape District, Davao City, made him wonder "why there's fire in heaven." After this he had a vision where he saw the devil and warned his friends

Bien is an autism survivor who was nurtured by a father who recognized his son's prodigious talent early on and encouraged him to keep drawing, and asked teachers to treat him like a special student through elementary and high school. "Not until college taking Fine Arts did I understand English language from reading Art History which stimulated my great interest in art." He said he was inspired by Hieronymous Bosch and Salvador Dali, well-known Surrealists. Bien developed by self-study, with Prof. Victorio Edades mentoring him in aesthetics and art criticism, and honed his skills at the Aida C. Rivera's Ford Academy of the Arts. Bien significantly overcame his autistic tendency and built up self-confidence; finished a degree at Philippine Women's College and taught basic art courses thereafter. In April 1984, barely 22 years old, Bien held a one-man show, with National Artist Victorio Edades cutting the ribbon at the Ford Academy of the Arts in Davao City, Philippines.

Bien showed pictures of a sculpted life-size human body, seemingly alive and sharply chiseled in its anatomy from head to foot. The sculpture was darkly colored with splashes of brilliant reds and yellows, etc., and looked downright scary. (This was later destroyed by religious fanatics who feared an evil-looking statue, Bien sadly noted.) Another piece of sculpture was a wild beast/woman with spilled guts shown in Victoria Plaza, Davao City, prompting some people to ask then Mayor Rodrigo Duterte (who is now the Philippine President) to close the exhibit entitled "Madness Therapy." A nephew, Jojo Banez, told the Mayor that the artist is the son of Atty. Bienvenido F. Banez, who was adviser to Jesus Dureza, a prominent government official in Muslim peace talks. So his father's name and influence came to the rescue of Bien's "horror and shock" exhibit, and was allowed to go on for a month, along with four to five other paintings, big and small, showing satanic images like inverted crosses and many dark, foreboding, grotesque figures.

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Bien says he wanted to portray the Harlot and the Beast as provocative symbols of how world religions and world politics function. Fr. Finster, a Jesuit from Ateneo de Davao "called me an agent of Hell," and he might as well be right. Bien sent shock waves across the local artists and the community already reeling from home-grown insurgencies of Muslim Moros and the communist NPA. Coming from Davao myself, I felt and perceived Bien's "shock value" art was meant to wake up complacent, confused, and suffering people to the active, dynamic presence of Evil in our lives as mirrored in current social and political institutions.

During our personal interview sessions from May 12 to July 2, 2019, Bien wanted to record his own Biographical Sketch, as it were, of himself from his own point of view. Our goal was to take it for his friend, Phillip Somozo, who is writing a book on his art, or for some others who wanted a narrative on his family story. After his day job as doorman in Manhattan, Bien would bring a large rotisserie chicken and red wine to liven up our dinner sessions in the first floor of The Nursing Office, under our Safe Haven for Creativity program. My English literature training and fluency in his native tongue, Bisaya-Cebuano, enlivened our sessions and were fruitful and intellectually stimulating. In contrast to other writers who wrote about his works, he believed that as a woman and mother myself, I would lend a sympathetic and feminine perspective on the details of his family lineage and childhood influences.

We basked in the congenial and relaxed atmosphere of where we had lived and worked at the same time, The Nursing Office on 115-03 Atlantic Avenue in Richmond Hill, New York City, where our one-walled "Dragon Gallery New York" was put up and Bien was Director of Visual Arts
(See https://www.thenursingoffice.com/dragon-gallery-new-york).

In Bien's view and retrospective mind, if his grandmother Feliza Canet did not rebel against her father's choice of a rich man for her, and instead followed her heart to marry a simple man, Andres Costa Bones of Capiz, his thematic "666 Art World" would not be created at all. After his father Bienvenido Fiel Banez Sr. died when he was 25 years old, he believed that because of his unfaithfulness and his mother Emma's tribulations and suffering by being unmarried and disavowed by her religion, the Jehovah's Witnesses, he was born with autism and saw the world as ugly and satanic. He had felt his mother's fear of him and rejection when he was young. "Instead of helping me, it was very painful to me," Bien recalls. But years after she had become ill with Alzheimer's, she praised him as "*Tag-iya sa eroplano!*" (owner of the airplane!) when he was about to leave for abroad. Somehow his mother sensed intuitively that her "despised" son was on his way to become a success. Another paradox in Bien's parental influence.

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A more matured Bien would later realize that every life really had its own divine purpose and that events happen for a good reason. On the day after his 57th birthday, June 7, 2019, I asked about memories of an incident, or any premonition, that he would be where he is now. He said that he would always dream of flying. One day, when he was about 19 or 20, a neighbor's maid servant Minda, who floated while sleeping, gave Bien a sense of his future. The 21-year-old woman was asked, "Who is Bien Banez?" Minda answered in Bisayan, "*Bantugan sa kalibutan, pag-abot sa panahon*," or Bien will become famous and world-renowned when the right time comes. Earlier, the religious JW people had tried to exorcise Minda of her "demonic possession" but to no avail. Curiously Minda did not remember what she said in her trance. So Bien came to realize that indeed we are all instruments of Spirits, like Moses and David, and Minda the medium.

After two tries, according to writer Phillip Somozo, Bien at 40 won first place at the Vermont Studio Center annual art competition and gained an all-expense paid entry into the USA on October 2002 to receive his award. Bien spent two months as Artist-in-Residence there, ending it with a solo exhibit at the Red Mill Gallery at Johnson, Vermont. He worked as a caregiver and art tutor for special children to support himself while he continued to paint. In 2003 he was invited to the WAH Center in Brooklyn, New York City. There Bien met Terrance Lindall who became his mentor, friend, and artistic collaborator. This synergy of literature and art was described by another writer in this manner:

"For example, the Filipino surrealist artist Bienvenido "Bones" Banez, Jr., discovered Lindall's repertoire during the world renowned "Brave Destiny" exhibit in 2003, an exhibit to which Bienvenido had been invited to display one of his works. Thereafter a friendship and mutual admiration between the two great artists grew, to the benefit of each. Bien communicated to Lindall the idea of how "Satan brings color to the world." Lindall thought the idea to be an insightful and original "affinity," and so in the Elephant Folio plate, "Pandemonium," which is a tribute to art, architecture, construction, sculpture, painting, and the like, he especially honors the Filipino surrealist artist by placing Bienvenido's name on the artist's palette at the very top of the border, the palette in flaming colors.")

Since then, Bien has been a regular exhibitor and performer there, where his 50+ artworks are hailed and treasured as original, significant contributions to Surrealism for all the world to see and appreciate. The WAH Center is the official repository of Bien's art works and plans are in place for his work to be exhibited eventually at the Metropolitan Museum or the Museum of Modern Art (MOMA).

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DEEP BUT FUNNY, MENTALLY ACUTE BUT OBLIVIOUS

Bien came to live with us in October 2015 after Myrna picked him up at JFK airport from a four-month stay in California. They had met previously in an art show at the New York Philippine Consulate in Manhattan. He was one of our home-sharers in The Nursing Office's first Home Living program.

Bien displayed uncanny discipline, focus and a serious work ethic when painting his works. In his bedroom stood a huge blank canvas against the wall, then all around were sketch books, notebooks, tubes and palettes of paint, and hard cover books, including the Bible. While he was very excitable, funny and curiously involved with all the happenings around, he could carry out impassioned, lively discussions on religion with housemates, a couple whose devoted Catholicism were constantly challenged by his Biblical verses and interpretation. He was jovial, cheerful company and offered many hilarious insights into human foibles and fantasies, most animatedly with his favorite bottle of red wine..

Bien is very complex in that his art is not just visual/surrealistic inspired by dreams. He is also someone who retains clearly profound ideas from his intellectual readings, which, with a partner like Terrance Lindall, equal to his talent and philosophical depth, could string together and arrange into poetic pieces, like the published poems, *Satanic Verses 1 and 2.*

PIANO PROWESS

Bien is stimulating and vastly innovative with sounds, as he expresses feelings, extemporaneously composing and playing an original piano piece, such as, "Satanic Rhapsody," which he performed during exhibitions and forums at WAH Center.

Sisters Ruth and Eunice had piano lessons when they were young but not Bien. "Of what use? I was perceived as autistic, not teachable," Bien says. "Better to learn myself, so I played piano like my paintings---with horror, suspense, intuitive tunes, depending on my mood. I started playing at about 14 years old in high school." Nevertheless, the piano sounds he heard, he learned to absorb in his creative right brain and flowed into his hands, blending with dreams and visions, and finally weaving sight, sound, and touch in thunderous rhapsody. Bien reflects, "I feel I am a medium of intuitive surrealist images, guided by spirits from the dark side of man."

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As Jehovah Witness member, Bien is well-versed in the Bible, and he resonated with the great English poet John Milton's *Paradise Lost* as compatible with his own splashing visions of Satan. His colorful, shocking Luciferian images are counterbalanced with his own deep belief in the Divine power of Jehovah God. In a recent post to me, he cites Jesus as ruler, along with ministers and subjects to establish a government free of corruption and an agenda to destroy Satan, citing Biblical verses in support of this faith. Another paradox of Bien's complex mind in holding two opposites as one.

Few would sacrifice long separation from home and family to pursue his dreams as Bien has done. Towards the end of July 2019, Bien went back to Davao City, to be reunited with his mother, wife, and children. His personal journey and artistic life in paintings, poetry and music so far that he shared with us, illustrates the ongoing dynamic of his prophetic visions, a living legend in whose life we played a small, yet not insignificant part. In the end, because Bien is a likable person, his explosive satanic paintings became as palatable and acceptable as the man himself. A paradox of polarity once again.

SOURCES:

Lutgarda M. Resurreccion, **Personal Interviews with the Artist and Poet**, from May 12 to July 2, 2019, at The Nursing Office Community Center, 115-03 Atlantic Avenue, Richmond Hill, NY 11418.

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(info: milton@wahcenter.net)

Robert J. Wickenheiser & Terrance Lindall, **The John Milton Projects 2009-2015**, Selected emails with Terrance Lindall on collecting, art and other topics. Copyright Yuko Nii Foundation, 2018.

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New York City art institutions spotlight on Dabawenyo surreal artist Ben Banez Jr

By Pepe Quixote[11]
A.k.a. Phillip Somozo, art colleague of Banez during the spring of 2006 in New York, also a visual artist and writer.

On January 26, 2014, Davao-born surreal artist Bienvenido Bones Banez, Jr., did a piano recital extempore while his paintings are on display and his poems are being read in a landmark, 1867 bank building, converted, and now called the Williamsburg Art and Historical (WAH) Center, which recently is considered as epicenter of Surrealism in the Mecca of modern art, New York City.

The affair is dubbed The First Presentation of *The Satanic Verses of Bones Banez,* a 10-volume collection of the artist's poems done in collaboration with WAH Center president and executive director Terrance Lindall. The piano piece to be played by Banez is synonymously titled Satanic Rhapsody.

The titles may evoke religious revulsion, even fear, among readers and art viewers as surreal art often do, but when viewed philosophically there is a lot of socially-relevant heavy intellect and theology in them rather than sacrilege.

For one, a man globally recognized as contemporary surrealism's prime mover will recite Banez's poems. Indeed it is rare honor by itself to have Terrance Lindall to transcribe and read one's poetry.

Lindall not only organized history's largest-ever convergences of surrealists *(Brave Destiny*, *2003*, and *The Grand Paradise Lost Costume Ball, 2008*) but also is a renowned essayist, critic, and social commentator, and is the 21st century's foremost illustrator of the English exegetic classic *Paradise Lost* by John Milton.

Paradise Lost is an epic poem about Satan's rebellion against God and how the near-perfect, but envious, angel-turned-devil caused Adam and Eve's expulsion from the Garden of Eden and, consequently, the downfall of humankind.

Banez, who appalled his Davao viewers since his first solo show in 1984 with his obsessive portrayal of morbid and bizarre Anti-Christ subjects, and Lindall, the most prolific and widely viewed illustrator of Paradise Lost in this age, discovered absolute parallels in each other's thinking.

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BOOK 1,

PROGRESSIVE FALSE PROPHETS!

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Diversity in society? Indeed, a fiction!
One world in diversity,
False preaching by “Progressives,”
Preachers of love,
Practicing deception and hate!

The strongest survive!
The Great Dialectic measures strength,
And bequeaths its blessing.
That is truth.
Pretend oneness,
Become then traitor to truth!

Oneness in diversity is a contradiction.
A lie does not become the truth.
Our flesh rots with wickedness of falsehood.
It does not become right and just!

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Do lies of Oneness in Diversity become goodness?
Because the majority quails,
In fear of compounded authorities?
Compounded out of lies,
Through Satan's agents?
The United Nations, The Sociologists, Psychologists,
The Wise rulers of Progress,
Whom you foolishly elect?
The Tower Babel they create is an infection,
A virus from a Devil demagogue!
While you dream of peace and security,
Like a thief in the night,
You will reap sudden destruction!

! Where are our dreams? I see no more dreams,
But the nightmare of a shackled and enslaved,
In the name of 'Diversity" !!!

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I also see the 666 HELLEBORUS PLANET!
HELL is ''Sheol, Hades, & GRAVES,''
Our world that we will find in Diversity:
The 666 Paradise Cemetery,
The peace of the grave!

This sought after paradise of diversity,
A fool's grave.
"EBORUS" a hidden clue!
Derived from Babel means,
"Confusion of tongues."
Diversity!

HELL! EBORUS!
Into the Planet HELLEBORUS!
It is our own planet,
NOT a fiction!

Open your eyes to the false democracy, the lie,
Your leaders offer the wonders of Diversity.
But he who rules is no one but Satan,
Who rules in the name of "Progress!"
Further I say, Worship not the DEAD---HEROES!!!
Instead Worship that Power Invisible!

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“Beware of false prophets!
They come to you in sheep's clothing,
But inwardly they are ravening wolves.”
So sayeth Matthew!

Ye shall know them by their fruits.
They shall preach brotherhood,
They shall preach peace, love and tolerance,
They, the Progressive Thinkers,
But will gift you thorns and thistles.

As the good tree brings forth good fruit;
A corrupt tree brings forth evil fruit.
So says The Book!
And, many false prophets shall rise,
And they shall deceive many,
Progressive Thinkers,
Deceivers,
The cursed ones,
Bringers of lies!

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BOOK 2,

THE CARGO CULTS OF OUR TIME!

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The cargo cults,
Of our time,
These “Progressives,”
Introduce their heresies,
Ever denying the Western world,
Their many glories,
Highly achieved and won!
Great men those, whites, and others,
Who raised by mind,
Culture and science,
From the mud of the earth,
Brought shining miracles,
And abundance.

Now come the ravening ones.
Men who did not build,
Who come to topple the bright creators!
They shoot out their tongues!
The lolling, drooling tongues of wolves.
And many will follow their shameful ways,
And will bring the way of truth to disrepute.
In their greed these teachers will exploit you,
With stories made up,
Of being themselves “exploited.”

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Their condemnation has long been lusting in them,
Former slaves who would now be lords.
Their destruction has not been sleeping.
It has only been waiting their time.

Pre---scientific cultures,
Made slaves,
Saw Western men,
With boons of cargo,
Thought God intended,
Those boons for them.
They cursed the West,
Abiding their time.

Imitating Western science,
The “Progressive” Ones.
A cargo Cult,
Developed complex rituals,
Explanations, mock studies,
Invented a religion,
“White privilege,” or “White racism,”
False studies, False theories,
That yet failed to produce the boons,
They expected to shake down.

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Scientific method upended,
By Progressive Cultists,
Upended logic,
Results oriented!
“If the West received the boons,
And we do not, the West is evil!”

In our time, this cargo cult!
Resembling precepts and science,
Missing something essential,
The boons don't come from lies.

Honesty rarely encountered,
Will yield those boons.
Dishonesty…will not.

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BOOK 3,

THE WORLD AS PROCESS AND BECOMING, THE DIALECTIC

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“OH, East is East, and West is West, and never the twain shall meet,
Till Earth and Sky stand presently at God’s great Judgment Seat;
But there is neither East nor West, Border, nor Breed, nor Birth,
When two strong men stand face to face, tho’ they come from the ends of the earth!”
So said Rudyard Kipling

Genghis Khan, Great Khan,
Great Emperor!
Conquered Eurasia,
With large---scale massacre!
Brought culture, learning and art,
…And slaughter.

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Adopted Uyghur script,
Decreed meritocracy,
Decreed religious tolerance!
Genocidal ruler!
Built the Silk Road,
Brought communication,
Brought trade,
From the Great North,
To, Indus, Persia, Europe.

High culture,
Is built on blood!
It is the dialectic,
The Word and Hand of God,
Historical Will!
That light and dark make all.
That ideas and peoples collide in fire,
To burn away the dross,
To find the gold!

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Of East and West,
I, Bien, am made,
Where two great cultures,
Spain and China met.
East and West colliding,
Upward thrust.
In shock and awe,
Long while I had no tongue,
While I was young.

Upward thrust,
Great vision gave me.
To see the scope of how the world is made,
From light and dark.

Conquerers conquer,
Greatness built of slaves.
Egypt, Rome, America.
All the same.
Genocide, slavery.
Some rise, some fall.
Life moves on.
We all die.
Why then cry?

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BOOK 4,

NEW RELIGION OF WHITE HATRED

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The Jews cry, “Holocaust! & Antisemite!”
Their new religion.
The Blacks cry, “Racist,” and “Resist.”
Their new religion.
Their Devil both: The White Christian!
To be abolished by ay means!
Democracy, they think, the key!

The Great Romans had slaves.
Their armies cut,
The heart from Europe.
Easy conquest,
Except for a great Queen,
Bodicia, warrior woman!
She defeated great armies,
Was in the end subdued.

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So with the Germanics,
The fierce tribes,
The Angles, the Saxons, the Jutes.
The Romans crushed them.
Insane tribes!
Death rather than slaves!
The Jutes exterminated!
Genocide!
The Saxons and the Angles,
Worn down to nothing,
Yet would not submit.
The Romans walked away.
No point. Nothing to win.
That is the way to win,
Be willing to die,
All or nothing!

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Of slave Spartacus and his men!
Few in number,
Seized kitchen utensils,
Fought free,
Seized weapons and armor.
Defeated legions.
Plundered Capua,
Recruited others,
And retired to Vesuvius.

But great empires do not die easily.
Six thousand slaves,
Captured by Crassus crucified,
Lining the Appian Way from Rome to Capua!

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BOOK 5,

SLAVERY IN DEMOCRACY!

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"Slavery is the first step towards civilization. In order to develop it is necessary that things should be much better for some and much worse for others, then those who are better off can develop at the expenses of others." Alexander Herzen, 1812---70

But slaves rebel…
Therefore “free” them!
No reason then rebellion.
Pay them!
They will work harder.
Thus the Europeans, Clever men,
Invented democratic principles,
To satisfy the freed slaves,
Prevent revolution.
When a slave elected party rules,
The other party will oppose.
When one party makes a mess,
In the zeal of its greed,
The opposition takes control.
And round and round,
A clever mill, sapping slave energies.

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Give them houses and luxuries!
Lend them money to buy.
The chains of mortgages,
Owed the bank,
The car loan,
The unpaid bills,
Property taxes,
And more.
Slaves still to the masters!
Deceived! Foolish slaves!
But unwilling to rebel.

But Slaves know when they are slaves,
Regardless of the deception of democracy.
Slaves seek escape:
Though Drugs & Entertainment,
Extreme sex or religion,
To give them hope!
USELESS!
And Violence in hatred of the cursed life,
So not to think, and thus to realize,
The shame they cannot escape!

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BOOK 6,

THE GREAT WHITE SATAN!

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The Devil: The White Christian!
To be abolished by any means!
Democracy, the slave's key!
To use the master's tool against the master!!!
Like Spartacus with Kitchen knives!
A masters tool so too a slave's tool: DEMOCRACY!
Your votes will set you free!

But the velvet glove,
With the silken threads to hold you,
Hide an iron hand!
They anticipated this!
Oh foolish slave!
The path you tread here is to your ruin!

YES! The White Christian Devil!
You curse him now,
And make a religion of it,
And try to make a science of it too,
"White Privilege, Racism, Antisemitism!"
To tame the Great White Satan!

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The Great White Satan!
From the Chinese,
Along the Silk Road,
He took gunpowder,
And built canons!
And conquered the world…
From the Chinese,
He took medicine too.
From the Arabs he took mathematics,
And spices.
So too astronomy,
And glass and optics,
To see further,
To measure the world,
To conquer the world!

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From the great Phoenicians,
The White Christian Devil
Took ship building and trade skills,
And money, manufacturing too.
From the Egyptian, Greeks and Romans,
He took architecture and engineering.
Borrower, thief!
The Great White Satan,
From what he took,
From those who went before,
Built a new empire,
And conquered those very ones,
From whom he borrowed,
Who gave wealth of idea,
Culture, science and art!
With the motto,
“Yesterday, Today, Tomorrow and Forever!”

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Give the Devil his due!
From the ashes of empires gone before,
He, The Great White Satan,
Rose into the air like a God,
In airplanes and Rockets,
Set foot on the shining silver moon itself,
Harnessed the power of the atom,
And created marvels,
…Unwittnessed till now.

Why then hate the White Satan?
For Satan gave color to the world,
Prolonged your life in medicine,
Built great libraries to remember you,
Told exciting tales,
Of human loves and travails,
To teach and entertain,
In the Great English tongue,
That enriched the world.
To rival Homer and the Persian poets.

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He invented too,
The electric light,
To see into the dark,
For the slave to work longer hours.
Television Too!
Telephones! Computers!
Now robots to end your dark slavery!

Hate the great White Christian Satan?
You Love him! Yes you do!
Do you not love his great gifts!
Do you not feel His love for you, his servant

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Much unmentioned!
The Spanish and English Gifts!
Small pox and syphilis for the Indians!
Gave them peace,
Of the grave, and slavery too!
Then gave them Christianity,
To work in the fields and mines,
Of the great White Satan.

To save the Vietnam,
Bombs and agent orange,
To cleanse their troubles.

And great Hitler,
"Super Satan,"
To solve the "Jewish Question."
Six million gone,
Ten million Russians too,
For Living space! Lenin, Stalin too,
To make a workers heaven,
Killed millions,
And made a hell.

For Iraq,
Democracy,
Half a million died,
In Shock and Awe,
From the Great White father.

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But you love him!
The Great white father!
From the south,
The Blacks swarmed,
To northern cities,
To be among the whites.
From Mexico and South America,
They swarm,
To be provided jobs.
From Africa they swarm,
To White Europe.
Not to starve.
And to hate the whites too!
White racism! White privilege.
“Take us in anyway,” you say.
“When we have the numbers,
We take your house!”
Our privilege now!
God bless democracy!

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If alright,
To hate the white,
Then OK,
To hate the black.
That is justice and equality!

Oh foolish ones!
White privilege is in your dark minds,
Not in the white man's.
End white privilege?
Start with yourself.
You move next to him,
And wish to push him out.
And if he left for elsewhere,
You would follow!
You did before,
Why different now?

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Lie not to yourself.
“Self---deception,
That you escape decadence
By opposing it.”
So said Nietzsche.
Beyond your will!
And you now,
Powerful promoter of decadence!

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BOOK 7,

TO TRULY BE FREE!

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"I've come upon something that disturbs me deeply," he said. "We have fought hard and long for integration, as I believe we should have, and I know that we will win. But I've come to believe we're integrating into a burning house." Martin Luther King

Build your own house!
Take not the White man's.
The house burns with your hatred!

With your own house,
You have your own racial privilege,
That you did great things!
When you do this,
Then you are truly free!

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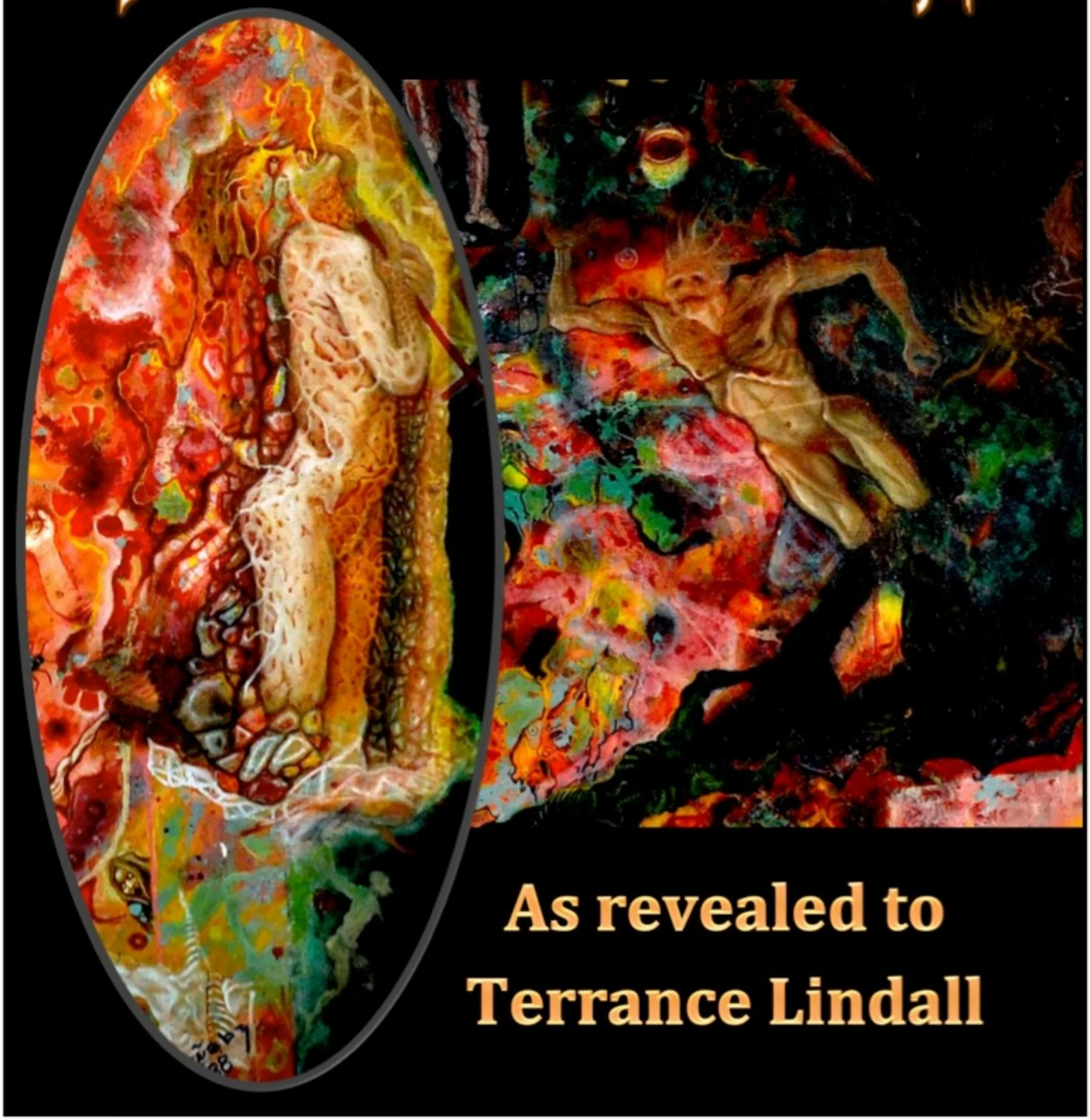
THE SATANIC VERSES

Bienvenido Bones Banez, jr.



As revealed to
Terrance Lindall

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